

# The New East Lynne

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and others.

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Philip Keith, a clever, selfish New York doctor, marries Daphne Cuyler, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, Prof. Keith, and his wife, Olive Mary, who secretly loves Philip. Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne May, and a baby son, Belden, a disreputable millionaire. In love with Daphne, he arranges that she shall receive a fortune. He is, however, in love with another woman. Daphne is horrified at the revelation. Belden, who is his own son, remains on the estate. Daphne is loyal to Philip. Belden still continues to love her. Daphne's grandfather, Prof. Keith, is a fortune-teller and prophesies that she will die before her husband. Daphne is horrified at this. Olive Mary, the housekeeper, is a fortune-teller and prophesies that she will die before her husband. Daphne is horrified at this. Olive Mary, the housekeeper, is a fortune-teller and prophesies that she will die before her husband. Daphne is horrified at this.

## CHAPTER IX.

(Continued)

### Stolen!

"It's time you were to bed," said Daphne, glancing at the clock. "The doctor has ordered that you should go to bed. Then suddenly she cried out, as Philip bent over to look more closely at Daphne's face. "What's the matter?" "I don't know," said Daphne. "I feel as if I have been betrayed by a kiss!" "Startled, the doctor made a move to put Olive from him, but his wife's voice cried out: "No—keep her, you have nothing more to fear! No breath of blame can touch you! Keep her in your arms and each other!" And with a better sense of calm, Daphne followed him, but she was already far down the street. "Follow!" he commanded his men, as he pushed after her. The footman's hand was on the door, and the doctor's hand was on the door. "Stop—stop that carriage!" The two figures came east toward the corner. The doctor's hand was on the door, and the footman's hand was on the door. "Where's Mr. Belden?" he demanded. The coachman pointed west with his whip. Mr. Belden, in fact, followed the lady, going that way when he dismissed her. "He grumbled, and she followed him. Philip slammed the door of the carriage and turned to the west, but returned presently for his hat. Belden, following Daphne's hurrying figure, cried:

### "To the River!"

"Child! Child! where are you going?" "To the river—where all homeless and disgraced women go." He dared not touch her. She was wild with pain, and shame, and tense excitement. He kept along beside her—that was all. But her hurrying gait was wasting his strength. Daphne began to notice them. To his looked back anxiously and saw the carriage was coming. As she crossed the crowded avenue Daphne tripped upon her skirts. Daphne at the curb and almost fell. Belden caught her, signalled the carriage and lifted her up. "Straight ahead!" and got away from a growing crowd. A couple of blocks further on he pulled the cord. To the footman, speaking very low, he asked: "Have you any money about you?" "Yes, sir." "Then get back home by the quickest possible way!" "I can sprint it, sir, the quickest of all!" the slim youngster answered. "Yes, and have a crowd after you before you reach home!" "I don't care," said Daphne. "I'll go by cab or car—only make haste. Tell Anton to stop for nothing, but come with utmost speed to Grand Central depot—lowest door, west side. He will understand. And there wait till I come—no matter what! Now, rush!"

### The Dilemma.

With a touch of the hat the groom was off, and Belden, leaning out, said rapidly, sharply: "Wilkins, take me to Dr. Darrows's—Porter's street, just east of Fifth avenue, south side. I forgot the number, but the sign is very distinctive—you understand? Then stop for nothing, and hurry like the devil!" Inside, he drew down the curtains and looked at Daphne. In a sort of a haze, her head far back, the lashes of her closed lids peered thick with tears, a visible throbbing in her round throat, a small quivering of nerves and muscles at temple and eyes, one hand clenched against her breast; short sharp sobs coming over her body—she breathed in long sighs, and twice he caught a hint of laughter.

He knew what that meant—violent hysteria and dreaded it from his soul. He touched her hand—twas like ice! "Why don't the fool drive?" he grumbled, and at the same moment, by aid of the sagging curtain, saw a policeman gesticulating—heard his shrill whistle. "Good—right!" he muttered, and then sat, hands clinched his dark face set, every nerve tense, his eyes fixed unflinchingly upon the cushions opposite, and thought—thought intensely, desperately, as he may never in his life have thought before.

At length he drew a long, long breath, lifted his head and threw back his shoulders. His plan was made—now to carry it out. "Everything else must wait!" he muttered. "If fate lets me but get her safely out of this city, I'll ask no more of man or God! I'll ask of her!"

The carriage lurched around a corner, leaving the head of the wheels on the curbstone. One horse stumbled, but Wilkins caught him up on a strong wrist, and they stopped with a suddenness that nearly hurled the half-unconscious Daphne from the seat. Both hands flew to her head—a wailing cry escaped her.

Belden now out, ordered Wilkins to get down and open the carriage door. "The lady is wild with pain—she must not descend!" he commanded. "The horses are too blown to move!"

He disappeared inside the house. The

street was quiet—it was already growing dusk. Daphne's moans were barely heard by Wilkins.

### Drugged!

Presently the doctor ran down the steps and entered the carriage with Belden, who raised a curtain. "Be very careful, doctor," he warned. "She has never used the drug—but this journey must go on!" The doctor's quick eye took in conditions. "A pretty stiff attack of neuralgia, and hysteria coming fast." He passed the prepared hypodermic syringe to Belden and bent his head to Daphne's head. A moment, feeling her pulse. Then he pushed her sleeve up as high as possible, and injected five minims of Magendie's solution, withdrew, banged the door and cried to Wilkins:

"Grand Central Depot—Hudson River side!" and disappeared indoors.

At the appointed place Anton was standing, waiting. "Get an invalid chair," Belden ordered, "and afterward go to a jewelry store, or somewhere, and get a lady's imported travelling bag. Take it to a druggist's and have all the necessities filled—tobacco, water, creams, perfumes, powders, and, you understand? The thing is here with my bags, and if you can't make this train I'm waiting for, follow by next." With-out any word Anton turned away to instant obedience.

Next morning, dull and heavy from the effects of the opiate, Daphne opened her bewildered eyes in a sleeping car, drawing on at the ringing of the Pullman conductor, who assisted her through the car and down the steps to where Belden was waiting by a carriage.

He helped her in with profound deference of manner. She gazed about, almost wildly. "Why, where are we?" He smiled. "What place is this?" she insisted. "This is Montreal," he answered pleasantly.

## CHAPTER X.

### In a Strange Land.

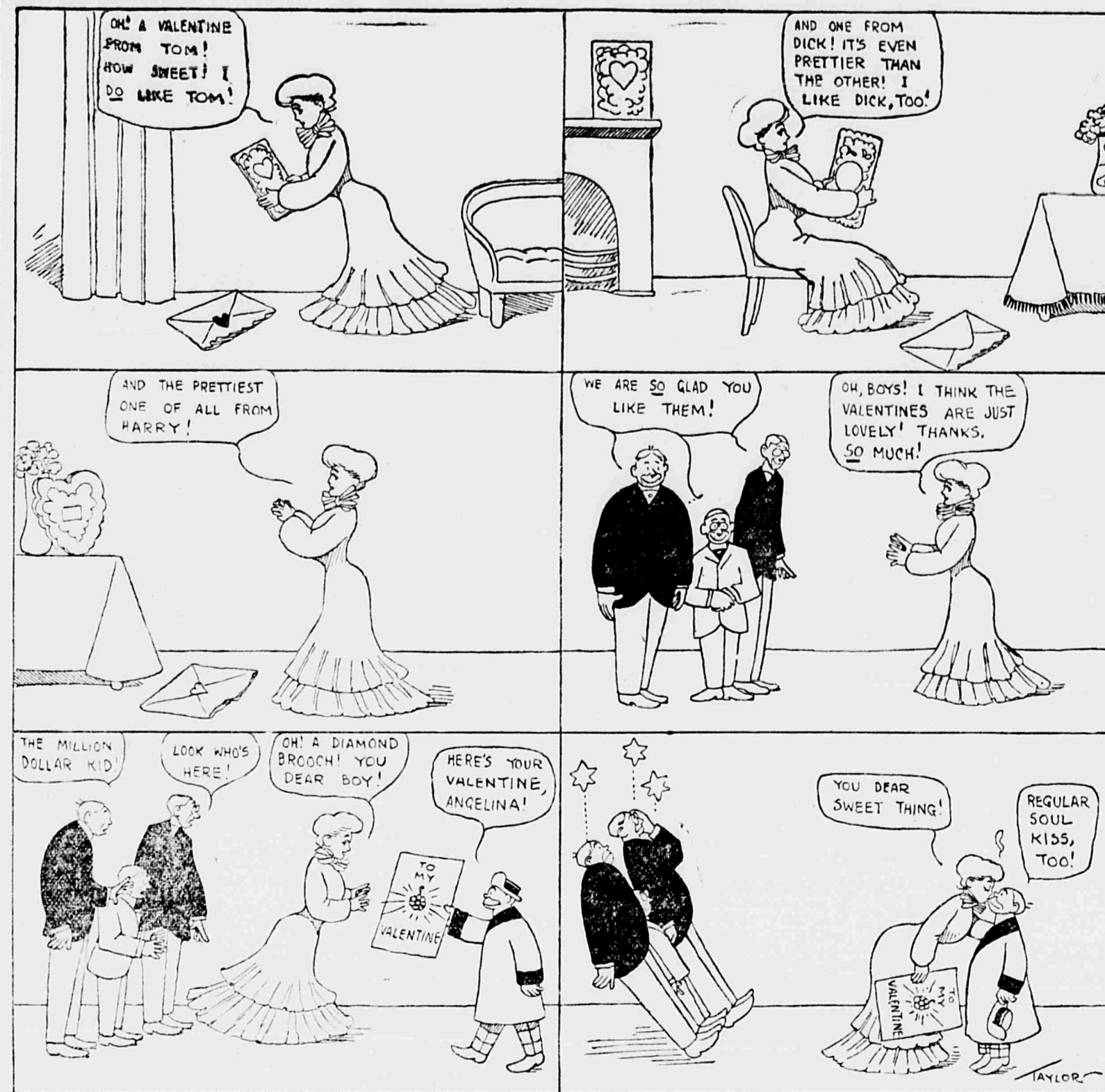
W HIPPED about with pride as in a mantle Mrs. Keith sat speechless, motionless. Dazed, stupid, by her mind seemed to plod around and around one small circle, utterly unable to break through to any point. "I am here in a strange city with a man who is not my husband," she thought. A shudder of apprehension shook her as she saw a mental picture of Olive Merritt, lying dead, with falling hair, lying in Philip's arms accepting his care. His tendering words. She recalled the agony of that home betrayal, the longing and the shame, the torturing pain through face and eyes. Then she had felt the power of the river drawing her, heard his whispering and laughing about the closest greenish pines, and, being homeless and alone she had obeyed the water's call. She—yes, she thought she had run and perhaps fallen only there was the awful pain. And she had begun to float softly and gently, and then Olive's great coil of chestnut hair had slowly turned into a writhing serpent that struck at her many times. Now she was here in a strange place with this man who was not her husband, and so the circle was again complete, and she had learned nothing.

### Daphne's Plight.

Then Mr. Belden had escorted her to a chair in a retired position, and asking her patience for a moment, he turned to the office. As lightning sometimes rips the midnight sky apart, giving all the countryside its natural colors for the moment, so in that flashing instant Daphne saw the full horror of the situation; her hopeless position toward this man, whose companion she had somehow become without her own consent or will. Her apathy of mind was gone—her brain was working swiftly. Woman-like in danger, her first impulse was flight. She rose and swiftly turned toward the front door, but instantly a uniformed attendant laid his arm across the lock and she understood—he had been warned not to let her pass. (To Be Continued.)

# The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



# Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

## Send Her a Valentine.

Dear Betty: Is it proper for a young man to send a girl with whom he is not keeping company a post card inscribed "To My Valentine"? Yes, it is perfectly proper to send a valentine.

## A Birthday Present.

Dear Betty: I HAVE known a young girl for the past year, but have no intention of becoming engaged to her. Some time ago she jokingly asked what I was going to give her on her birthday. Her birthday is drawing near. Is it proper to give her a present? If so, what, as she does not care for flowers?

It is perfectly proper to give the young lady a present. Books, a picture frame or pretty print would be acceptable presents.

## Does He Still Love Her?

Dear Betty: I AM in love with a young man who has told me he loved me and used to come to see me. Lately he has not been coming and has not written. I am sure he still loves me. What do you think I should do?

## Don't Gibe Her Up.

Dear Betty: I AM twenty-two and like very much a girl one year my junior. As I am earning only \$12 a week with a very poor future in my present position I make it my business to keep away from her as much as possible. My brother told her I like her very much, and he also told her my present salary, &c.

and she told him she thought a great deal of me, but that she could not understand why I avoided her so much. I have been invited to a party at her house, where I know two other young fellows will be who also take an interest in her, but who are better off than I am. Do you think I ought to accept her invitation and ask her if she would be willing to wait for you, to forget her, as I know she would not.

be satisfied to live on \$12 or even \$15 a week. A. A. Pay her more attention and accept her invitation. If you have a poor future in your present position, why not seek a position where you will receive quicker advancement? After you have paid her considerable attention state your case plainly and ask her if she would be willing to wait for you, to forget her, as I know she would not.

to soften hands. R. M.—When washing your hands use a stiff nail brush and scrub them thoroughly in warm water, rinsing afterward in clear water. While the are still wet pour into one palm a little pure glycerine and rub over both hands. Then dry. If glycerine does not agree with your skin use this formula: Suet or lanoline, 1 ounce; camphor, 20 grains; glycerine, 1-2 ounce.

to remove parasites. R.—If you have been so unfortunate as to catch parasites, you should certainly not stop to think about whether the preparation you use to exterminate them will affect the color of your hair. Get rid of them first and think about that afterwards. Fill a bottle one-third full of fishberies bought at a drugstore, and two-thirds

of alcohol. Mix thoroughly and apply to the entire head of hair, not omitting one strand. It may take several applications to destroy the vermin, and after that each strand of hair will have to be carefully scraped with a fine tooth comb. You must also be very careful to have your combs and brushes thoroughly cleaned and your hat bands renewed.

red nose. FRANK H.—If, as you say, you are in good physical condition and have no indigestion, the red nose is probably due to poor circulation. Take deep breathing exercises and if possible join a gymnasium and practise physical culture. You will find that the blood is not so apt to centre in your nose if, as soon as you strike the cold air, you breathe deeply through the nostrils, expanding your lungs to the utmost. Hold your breath for a moment and exhale slowly. A dozen breaths like this will increase the tempo of your circulation and your whole face will be in a glow, instead of simply your nose.

calls vs. business. Dear Betty: Is it proper for a young man to call for a young lady at her place of business; that is, come to her office?

W. U. It is proper if he comes merely to take her home, but the young lady as well as her employers would probably prefer to have him pay his calls outside of business hours.

how to propose. Dear Betty: HOW shall I propose to a young lady whom I greatly love? A. E. J. Tell her you love her. Ask her if she reciprocates your affection and if she is willing to become your wife.

dear or my dear is proper. Dear Betty: WHEN writing to a young lady, should I address her "Dear So and So" or "Dear Friend" or how? C. M. K. Address her as "Dear So and So" or "My Dear So and So."

## A Proposal by Mail.

Dear Betty: AM twenty-one and in love with a girl of the same age whom I have known for two years. Being bashful and not being able to marry for some time, I wrote several weeks ago and told her everything, also asked her if she would wait till I was in a position to marry. I have not had a reply. Shall I take this as a sure sign that she does not care for me? Should I be friendly with her when I meet her in company?

ANXIOUS. The girl is very rude not to answer your letter, even if she means to refuse you. I do not think she cares for you. There is no reason why you should not act in a friendly manner toward her even if she refuses to wait for you.

meerschaum is growing rare. THE world's meerschaum supply is being exhausted. Day by day the output of the mines in Asia Minor is becoming scarcer. So Austria and Germany, which make most of the pipes, believe that their production may be a thing of the past. The first meerschaum pipe was produced in 1723 by Kaval Kowates, a shoemaker, of Perth. A noble, Count Andraszy, got a pipe of the meerschaum, and, as it interested him, he took it to Kowates, who was noted for his ability as a carver, and ordered him to make "something pretty" out of it. Kowates was a great smoker, made a pipe and popularized meerschaum.

may manton's daily fashions. ONE-PIECE garments are greatly in demand just now and are both so pretty and so simple that their popularity is well deserved.

This nightgown is tucked over the shoulders to make becoming and comfortable fullness and is exceedingly graceful and attractive, as well as eminently simple.

It can be made from batiste, lawn, cambric or any similar material, and is peculiarly well adapted to the wide lingerie fabrics that can be cut with few joinings.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 1/4 yards 36 or 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 3/4 yards of heading, 2 yards of narrow and 2 yards of wide lace.

Pattern No. 5902 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large.

One-Piece Nightgown—Pattern No. 5902.

How to obtain these patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

## Talks With Girls.

# What Kitty Said at a Working Girls' Club Meeting Went to the Heart of a Child of Fortune.

By Gertrude Barnum.



Gertrude Barnum

STELLA is a special pet of Dame Fortune, born to wealth, beauty, wit and many friends, and all last week she was feted and flattered at festivities arranged to celebrate her twentieth birthday.

From Monday to Saturday congratulations, gifts and best wishes were showered upon her. At the birthday feast, around a table groaning with the good things of and out of the season, her fond parents, proud grandparents and doting aunts and uncles repeated clever sayings of her childhood—already familiar as proverbs to the patient listeners. And at luncheons, teas, dinners and theatre parties which followed her admirers apparently vied with each other in efforts to turn her pretty head completely.

The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker danced attendance. Telephone and telegraph wires sang pleasant messages. Disinterested florists and confectioners delivered shapely boxes and baskets with fragrant and delicious contents. Far-off Southern gardens had been searched for rare fruits, and from hot-houses came delicate orchids reared in the midst of winter snows. In short, the earth and the fulness thereof were spread before this spoiled child of fortune.

And oh! it seemed a beautiful and plentiful earth toward which her youth stretched eager, greedy hands.

Then suddenly another world was opened to Stella. On Saturday evening we took her with us to a Working Girls' Club meeting at a Social Settlement. Poverty hung like a pall over the neglected district through which we passed. The clubgirls, who were recruited from cottages and tenements of this obscure corner of the city, were not favorites of fortune. Their meagre clothes and cheap finery were but poor imitations of the comfort and luxuries to which Stella was accustomed.

As the club treasurer delivered her dreary report of sordid little financial details we could see that Stella's mind was exploring new regions, bleak and stern, of which it had never before taken serious thought, and we knew she scarcely heard the summing up:

"Balance on hand, \$3.21." However, the discussion which followed—as to what should be done with this large sum—fixed her attention.

A pretty maid, in a \$2.48 fur boa and a \$1.48 Bettina hat, plainly voiced the wishes of many present when she suggested that it be spent for an entertainment and dance similar to one the club had enjoyed the previous month. And then, all at once, a less dreary Irish girl named Kitty dominated the meeting.

"We go for to do such a thing as that in hard times like this, when people is goin' hungry and frozen!" she protested, hotly, "we'll be no better's stuffed, snortin' hogs that won't leave the trough!" Then she turned to the chairman and added in final tones: "I move you that we turn over every last cent of that \$3.21 to the unemployed."

As we drove back in my young friend's coupe she made little dabs at her eyes with her Paris handkerchief, and said, smiling through her tears: "I'll never forget that 'Kitty' as long as I live—never—nor what she said about hogs!"

And we knew by Stella's voice that of all the lavish gifts which that generous week had brought her none had been so precious as those which had been opened for her by that unassuming Irish girl—the gift of tears, through the merry din of her life's pleasures, the still, small cry of the soul; the gift of seeing, when she looked into the tender heart of her orchids, the great stretches beyond her own garden's hedges.

your fate told by moles. JUST now "moleosophy" has the call in London. It consists of reading one's character and foretelling one's future by the moles one may possess. A mole in the centre of a woman's brow indicates a happy, unclouded existence and the prospect of inheriting money. She may not be beautiful, but she will have talent and write plays or compose music, and acquire riches thereby, but she will possess a caustic tongue and have few friends. She is advised to wear sapphires, presumably if she can afford them, and is seriously warned against marrying a gentleman with a mole under his right eye.

The lady with one mole on the right brow and another just below the right lower lip is sure to marry a foreigner, who will be a devoted and faithful husband. The man with the mole on the left brow and another just under the left shoulder blade, if the mole be black, is condemned to endure a sentence of imprisonment.

A young man about to marry should avoid the lady with a mole on the left brow, because this may denote "a great jealousy when she is past thirty, which will make her most furious, with a desire to kill her own husband."

The man with a mole on the left brow and another on the left wrist will have a peevish nature; the lady with the same combination is in danger of death from a contagious disease.

If a lady have a mole on the lower corner of her left eye, she must be very careful of the eleventh and nineteenth days of the winter months. She should wear rubies.

The gentleman who has a mole on the bridge of his nose should be very careful what he eats.

## Meerschaum Is Growing Rare.

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## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

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# What Do You Imagine These Funny Little Things to Be?



These are luck-bringers for superstitious motorists. They are mascots carried by chauffeurs and owners of cars in England, according to the London Sketch. Made in bronze and silver there is quite an extensive demand for them. In France the motorist's mascot is St. Christopher, the travellers' saint. Medals of the saint and car badges with his figure and an appropriate motto are carried by bicyclists and autoists both. The Queen of Italy has a figure of St. Christopher on the bonnet of her motor car. These English amulets are of grotesque character, and it may be that they are intended to frighten off the demons of ill luck.